

# The Panel In the Wall

Strange Happening in the Tower of Bellaire Castle

By AGNES G. BROGAN

As I strode through the shadowy twilight toward the Castle of Bellaire a score or more of years seemed to fall from my weary shoulders. Once more I was a care free youth, while each dimly outlined peak and turret pointed my confident way to happiness. Unconsciously I pushed my cap rakishly back upon my forehead, while the lines of care which time had traced upon that brow and the fast silvering look of hair above it were forgotten.

Here in one of the high, open spaces I paused, looking down into the valley, where tiny homes were huddled to-



gether like doves. To these humble villages this castle, set upon a hill, had been a constant source of awe inspiring wonder, and its inmates were regarded with almost worshipful admiration.

Bellaire, father and son, had lived in the isolated mansion as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember, and often as a lad I had sat at my grandfather's side as he mended his nets in the sands listening to thrilling tales of the haunted panel room. It was high in the tower, this room, and when winds howled without the dead women of the family Bellaire came back again to view the scenes of their triumph and cruelty, for they had been wrecking damsels, these ladies all. And if one watched very closely in the light of a flickering fire, my grandfather said, one might still see their mocking faces reflected in the polished wainscoting. And sometimes when they had gone a token would be left behind—a rose, perhaps, or a bit of silken scarf.

I smiled now at the old folk tales, lingering there in the purple light, and thought sadly of the lad who had dared to raise his eyes to the last fair daughter of Bellaire, for through all her sweet graciousness, through all the happy youthful years that he had been allowed to bask in her smile, she had never for one moment forgotten, this proud maid of her race, that he was, after all, but a village lad whose place was low in the valley. I had not blamed her for this. She had always seemed so far, so ineffably far, above me, but to let me believe for a blissful time that my dream of love might come true, to hold the door open wide that I might have a glimpse of that glorious, possible beyond and then coldly and relentlessly to close that door against me forevermore—there lay the bitter sting, the wound that all the passing years had failed to heal.

"You have promised, Heloise," he had pleaded—this poor pitiable youth who was myself—"you have promised to be my wife."

"A reckless promise," the girl returned, "much better broken than kept. I shall marry my father's choice. It is a duty I owe to my family and myself, for this man, who is good and kind and old, will make of my brother the physician he longs to be and my father need be troubled no longer concerning matters of money, while I—I may travel where I will."

So she gave me her cold little hand, and the youth—that was I—went stumbling blindly down the hill to that lower place from whence he had come. But to remain there longer was unbearable. The old grandfather realized this as I bade him goodbye, and I went along with my heartache out into the busy world. And here I met the brother of Heloise. He was even now studying to be a physician, and so the tale was told.

"It was not my fault, Paul, that she sent you away," the boy said.

"I know," I answered. "You have always been a good friend to me, Bob. It is the women of your family alone

who are faithless—the women of Bellaire."

Still intent upon past memories I continued my upward journey. Far above loomed the gray towers of the castle, and suddenly from the high window gleamed a light. How often I had watched for this light at evening, sitting before our narrow cottage door! And when it shone out a silvery patch across the sea it came to me as a silent message from her.

"It is thus I bid you good night, Paul," she had said. I smiled grimly at the recollection of her pretty fancies still had power to stir my heart. And what a strange trick was this which fate had played! After all the years of silence and separation to meet Bob upon a train and to recognize in the distinguished physician my boyhood's old friend. Bob himself was overjoyed at the meeting.

"You have evidently been prosperous, Paul," he said, with an inclusive glance which rested approvingly upon my belongings and my person.

"Yes," I answered briefly, "I have been fortunate, and you?"

Bob's face sobered.

"As far as money goes I am not quite sure," he replied. "But I am doing good where it is sorely needed." He smiled. "I am physician in charge to your old friends of the village, Paul."

"Married?" I questioned curiously.

Bob's laugh rang out. "Why, no," he replied. "I have been too busy to think of marriage."

I cleared my throat. Strange how difficult it was to mention her name. "And Heloise," I asked—"Heloise and her husband live with you?"

Bob looked at me quickly. "Is it possible that you have not heard?" he said. "They are both dead. The old man didn't live long, and Heloise died a year after you went away."

It was a long time before either of us spoke.

"Paul," Bob said impulsively, "why can you not stop off at Bellaire upon your return and pay me a visit? It would do me a world of good, old man."

So this twilight walk of mine was the outcome of his hearty invitation.

It was all so exactly as I had left it one and twenty years ago—the low celled hall with its great fireplace, even the cheery faces of the old housekeeper and her husband, whom time had touched so lightly, while Bob, with his warm welcome and old enthusiasm, seemed still the happy hearted boy.

It was drawing near the hour of midnight when the telephone summoned Bob to his study, and he came back to say that he was needed immediately in the village.

"I am sorry," he added regretfully, "but Martha will make you comfortable, and you will find plenty of books and cigars up in the old panel room."

The old panel room. This was where we had spent so many happy evenings together, she and I. With conflicting feelings, I made my way up the oaken stairs. Firelight flickered rosy upon the shining panels, and at the farther end of the room a softly shaded lamp threw its radiance about the reading table, leaving all else in shadow. As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I was startlingly aware of the distinct outlines of a woman's white clad figure showing against the wainscoting. For a moment my heart hammered away in foolish fear; then feature by feature, line by line, the vision revealed itself. It was a painted portrait, fitted cunningly into a single high carved panel. I examined it closely. Her wonderful dusky hair was knotted loosely at the back of her shapely head, and in its soft waves nestled a rose.

So the past came back to me poignantly, with a reality so great, so true, that I held my arms out to her and spoke her name. Then as she brooded over me, calm and pitiful, I called again. "Heloise," I cried, "Heloise," and I declare to you I did not sleep or dream. Neither had my morbid imaginings imposed upon my reason. What happened is a fact—an indisputable fact. As though in answer to my yearning call, the tall picture awayed uncertainly toward me; then with charming diffidence Heloise herself stepped from the oaken frame and stood before my very eyes. I feared to speak, almost to breathe, lest she should vanish from me.

"Dear," I said brokenly—"dear, I have loved you always, but never so much as now." Heloise drew back against the panel with a stifled sob, and there was that in her eyes which I had never seen there before. As I sat helpless she glided with an almost imperceptible movement into that picture inanimate thing which hung upon the wall. Dumbly I pressed my hands against the canvas, then carefully searched each corner of the room. The key was still turned in the lock as I had left it, and the hallway, when I looked out, was quite deserted. Then as I stood utterly bewildered something upon the floor at my feet attracted my attention—it was a fresh cinnamon rose. With fingers that fumbled strangely I placed the flower in my notebook. "And sometimes," grandfather had said, "they leave a token behind, these women of Bellaire, a rose, perhaps, or a bit of silken scarf."

My visit was to end that evening, and after a delightful day spent in viewing old familiar scenes Bob was prevented at the last moment from accompanying me to the station. When I reached that small structure it was only to find that my train had pulled out, so I retraced my steps.

I listened to the echoing sound of the old brass knocker. And, as the great door swung open before me, there in all her winsome, living, glowing reality stood Heloise. She cried out and would have fled at sight of me had I not caught her hands.

"And now," I questioned compellingly, "who are you?"

The girl's eyes fell before mine; then she raised them bravely. "I am," she replied, "the daughter of Heloise."

Trying to grasp this stupendous fact, I sat staring dumbly.

"I am said to be like my mother," the girl continued, "so like that Uncle Bob requested me to keep out of the way while you were here, that your short visit might not be marred by painful memories. My entrance into the panel room last night was therefore accidental. The story which uncle had told me was forgotten when I heard your cry of distress."

"Heloise," you called, and so I came."

"You also bear her name?" I asked slowly. The girl nodded.

I leaned toward her. "I am trying to understand," I said, "but I would swear that you stepped from that picture last night—directly from out the frame."

She stood up before me. A mischievous smile which that Heloise had never known hovered about her lips.

"Some time," she promised, "the mystery may be explained."

And that is how I came to prolong my visit. Oh, the wild joy of tramping about the woods of Bellaire with Heloise, of bending above the old piano and evening while she sang to Bob and me the sweet love songs of twenty years ago, for surely this was my own Heloise, radiant in her fresh young maidenhood. Surely the one long dream of my life would at last be realized. And then across my bright hopefulness came the sobering thought of one and twenty years. One and twenty years—she herself had scarcely lived that long. So again with a heartache I prepared to leave Bellaire.

"Going tomorrow?" Bob exclaimed incredulously when I announced my departure, and Heloise lingered that night to meet me on the stairs. She was so alluringly lovely that I frowned in self defense.

"Why are you leaving us so abruptly?" she asked as her steady eyes challenged mine, and as I knew she would have the truth I answered:

"I go because I love you, Heloise—because I dare not offer to you the burden of my years." And as she moved silently away from me I knew full well the meaning of despair. Late I sat that night in the paneled room, thinking bit by bit: thoughts as I aimlessly fingered the withered petals of a rose. Clear and distinct shone out the portrait of the last daughter of Bellaire, and, as I leaned forward scrutinizing the painting, slowly it moved toward me as a door that is opened. Falling noiselessly back against a second panel fitted in the wall, while in its place, still framed in the great carved border, stood Heloise. I caught my breath sharply at the wonderful resemblance, the remarkable illusion.

"You see," she said, as though explaining a simple matter, "this secret panel of an olden time opens into my sewing room. When I move back and forth it withdraws a step or two—the painting returns again to its proper place. It is, after all, merely a door and the mystery no mystery at all." Heloise sank down before the fire. "Paul," she



"SHE WAS SO ALLURINGLY LOVELY THAT I FROGLED IN SELF DEFENSE."

—Paul, I had learned to call me so—Paul, I had often wondered at your meaning when you spoke that night to the 'lady of your dreams.' 'Dear,' you said, 'I have loved you always, but never so much as now.'"

I bent over her eagerly. "The meaning is plain," I answered. "It was you whom I loved even then, Heloise—you who were the fulfillment of all I had hoped for and lost."

With a little glad cry she put her hands to me. Her eyes were shining. Still I fought against the sacrifice.

"I am old, child," I said, "worn and old. My hair is turning gray."

"It is thick hair," she answered. "Child," I asked, and my voice was sweet with the wonder of it all—"Is it possible that you can care for an old, dull fellow like me?"

Heloise laughed softly, happily. "Yes, it is possible, Paul," she said, "quite possible, indeed. I—I liked you that very first moment—you had such a comfortable way of saying 'dear.'"

Mineral Application Serial No. 08347. United States Land Office, Las Cruces, New Mexico, April 28, 1913. Notice is hereby given that Susquehanna Mining Company, a corporation, by John H. Williams, its attorney-in-fact, of Lordsburg, New Mexico, has made application for patent for the Nellie Bly Group embracing the Nellie Bly, Independence, Brother Gardner, Billy A. and Baltimore lodes, Survey No. 1505, situated in S1 SW1 Sec. 36, T. 23 S., R. 19 W., and N1 and SW1 NW1, NW1 SW1, Sec. 1, and R1 and SW1 NE1, NE1 SE1, Sec. 2, T. 24 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., Pyramid Mining District, Grant County, New Mexico, described as follows: NELLIE BLY Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 1 and 2, T. 24 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears S. 41 degrees 28 minutes E. 791.2 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 25 degrees 04 minutes E. 1490.55 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 64 degrees 15 minutes E. 1009 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 28 degrees 07 minutes W. 1492.25 ft. to place of beginning; INDEPENDENCE Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 1 and 2, T. 24 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears S. 65 degrees 21 minutes E. 231.26 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 28 degrees 07 minutes E. 1492.25 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence S. 33 degrees 17 minutes E. 595.1 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 28 degrees 23 minutes W. 1488.4 ft. to place of beginning; BROTHER GARDNER Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 1 and 2, T. 24 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears N. 39 degrees 41 minutes W. 648.17 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 35 degrees 15 minutes W. 1412.7 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 64 degrees 15 minutes E. 577.8 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 38 degrees 04 minutes E. 1416.35 ft. to place of beginning, conflict with Independence Lode, this survey, excluded; BILLY A. Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 identical with Cor. No. 4 Independence Lode, this survey, whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 1 and 2, T. 24 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears S. 19 degrees 29 minutes W. 1491.3 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 32 degrees 17 minutes W. 595.1 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 64 degrees 15 minutes E. 1493.25 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 32 degrees 17 minutes E. 590.7 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 56 degrees 44 minutes W. 1483.75 ft. to place of beginning; BALTIMORE Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 1 and 2, T. 24 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears S. 20 degrees 38 minutes W. 2378.1 ft. to Cor. No. 30 degrees 55 minutes W. 600 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 68 degrees 47 minutes E. 1279.7 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence S. 30 degrees 55 minutes E. 498.3 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 64 degrees 15 minutes W. 1298.55 ft. to place of beginning. The original and amended location notices of said lodes are recorded in the following mining location records of Grant County, to wit: Nellie Bly, Book 14, page 239; amendatory, Book 16, page 149; Brother Gardner, Book 24, page 83; amendatory, Book 29, page 48; Billy A. Book 24, page 82; Independence, Book 21, page 102; Baltimore, Book 14, page 634, and this Group is adjoined on the north and east by the Robert E. Lee Lode, unsurveyed, Small & Briel, claimants. There are no other adjoining or conflicting claims known or shown on the plat of this survey.

JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First pub. May 9

Mineral Application Serial No. 08348. United States Land Office, Las Cruces, New Mexico, April 28, 1913. Notice is hereby given that Susquehanna Mining Company, a corporation, by John H. Williams, its attorney-in-fact, of Lordsburg, New Mexico, has made application for patent for the Cobra Negra Group embracing the Cobra Negra, Black Sam, Tom Cat and Black Copper lodes, Survey No. 1504, situated in W1 NW1 Sec. 13, and E1 and SW1 NE1, SE1 NW1, NE1 SW1, and N1 SE1, Sec. 14 T. 23 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., Virginia Mining District, Grant County, New Mexico, described as follows: COBRA NEGRA Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 13 and 14, T. 23 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears S. 84 degrees 45 minutes E. 674.8 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 47 degrees 03 minutes W. 599.1 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 63 degrees 07 minutes E. 1497.4 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 47 degrees 03 minutes E. 597.91 ft. to place of beginning; BLACK SAM Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 identical with Cor. No. 4 Cobra Negra lode, this survey, whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 13 and 14, T. 23 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears S. 67 degrees 05 minutes E. 1204.72 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 48 degrees 09 minutes W. 600.47 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 63 degrees 51 minutes E. 1505.2 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 48 degrees 09 minutes E. 579.83 ft. to place of beginning; TOM CAT Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 13 and 14, T. 23 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears N. 89 de-

grees 04 minutes E. 724.51 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 32 degrees 18 minutes W. 351.6 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 63 degrees 05 minutes E. 1321 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 32 degrees 18 minutes E. 285 ft. to place of beginning; BLACK COPPER Lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1 identical with Cor. No. 1 Black Sam Lode, this survey, whence 1 sec. cor. between Secs. 13 and 14, T. 23 S., R. 19 W., N. M. P. M., bears S. 67 degrees 05 minutes E. 1204.72 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence N. 48 degrees 09 minutes W. 579.83 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 55 degrees 28 minutes E. 1479.44 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 48 degrees 09 minutes E. 523.93 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 53 degrees 20 minutes W. 1467 ft. to place of beginning. The original and amended location notices of said lodes are recorded in the following mining location record of Grant County, to wit: Cobra Negra, Book 19, page 164; Black Sam, Book 20, page 376; Tom Cat, Book 20, page 368; Black Copper, Book 21, page 98, amendatory, Book 21, page 148; and this Group is adjoined on the east by Jim Crow lode, unsurveyed, Bonney Mining Company, claimant; on the north by Superior Copper lode, Survey No. 49, and Carlos Lode, Survey No. 1430, and on the north and east by Overland lode, unsurveyed, Farley et al, claimants, with which the Black Copper lode of this survey conflicts. There are no other adjoining or conflicting claims known or shown on the plat of this survey.

JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First pub. May 9.

NOTICE.  
Department of the Interior  
United States Land Office  
Las Cruces, New Mexico,  
May 3, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Elmer C. Gordon of Animas, N.M., who, on Jan. 31, 1908, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 68460 No. 579 for W1 NE1 and S1 NW1, Sec. 31, Township 31 S., Range 18, W. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Alfred B. Ward, U. S. Commissioner, at Animas, N.M., on the 21st day of June, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
John Croom, of Animas, N.M.  
Francis B. King, of Animas, N.M.  
Ira B. Thomson, of Animas, N.M.  
John W. Duncan, of Animas, N.M.  
JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First publication May, 9

Monte Carlo Robbers.  
"They are greater robbers at Monte Carlo," said a traveler, speaking of high charges, "than anywhere in the world. The German tourist I met here at Monte Carlo because when he enters a barber shop he always asks what the charge is to be before he sits down in the chair. But what is a man to do in barber shops, where it is no uncommon thing to be charged \$2 or \$3 for the simplest operation?"

"And it's the same thing in the hotels. I know a man who took a suit at a Monte Carlo hotel without asking the price of anything—and in the restaurants of such hotels it's a common thing to find no prices even on the menus. Well, when this man came to pay his bill it was enormous. But he paid it. Then he said:

"Have you any twenty-five centime stamps?"

"Yes, monsieur," said the clerk.

"How many do you wish?"

"My friend smiled blandly.

"Tell me first, please," he said, "what you charge for them here?"—Exchange.

A Wonderful Gun.  
Since the introduction of gunpowder as a propellant and the general use of firearms in warfare and hunting there has been a more or less insistent demand for mechanisms that would give the soldier or hunter a number of shots at his command without reloading and enable them to be rapidly discharged. The first patent for a firearm of this description seems to have been issued by the British patent office in 1718 to James Puckle, a citizen of London, for a gun mounted upon a tripod, having a single barrel and a revolving cylinder. Strangely enough, one of the claims set forth in this patent appears almost verbatim 185 years later in a patent taken out by Rollin White, an American inventor of a revolving pistol. Another curious claim of the patent was: "The mechanism permits the use of square bullets against the Turk and round bullets against Christians. Moreover, so great is the rapidity of fire that ships armed with the gun cannot be boarded by any attacking force."—S. J. Fort in Outing.

The Unicorn.  
The unicorn was one of the fabled monsters of antiquity. It was, according to a summary of the opinions of several of the old time writers, a beast about the size of a common horse, but with very short legs. The people of the middle ages believed in the existence of three kinds of unicorns—the magnificent white unicorn, which had a purple face and blue eyes and a single horn a yard in length; the egleserion, which resembled a gigantic deer and had a very sharp horn growing from the middle of the forehead, and the monoceros, or common unicorn. The white unicorn's horn was of three different colors—white at the lower part, black as ebony in the middle and red at the point. Common unicorns were said to have had horns about eighteen inches in length, but so strong that they could easily kill an elephant.

Notice for Publication.  
Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office,  
Las Cruces, New Mexico,  
April 26, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Homer L. Hoyt, of Rodeo, New Mexico, who, on January 2, 1912, made Homestead Entry, No. 9789, for N1/4 SW1/4 NE1/4, Section 12, Range 22 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Asa O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner, at Rodeo, N. M., on the 4th day of June 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Lloyd H. Jones, of Rodeo, N. M.  
Robert L. Avery, of Rodeo, N. M.  
Loss Lanthorn, of Rodeo, N. M.  
J. H. Tompkins, of Rodeo, N. M.  
JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First pub. May 9

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Serial No. 08318  
Las Cruces, N. Mex., Land Office  
April 17, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that Burton M. Mortimer, of Lordsburg, County of Grant, State of New Mexico, has filed in this office his application to enter under the provisions of Sections 2306 & 2307 of the Revised Statutes of the United States the following described land, viz:

The southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Section thirteen, township twenty-two south, of Range seventeen west, New Mexico Principal Meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal of the applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, before the 15th day of June, 1913.

JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First publication April, 25

Serial No. 08301,  
Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office,  
Las Cruces, New Mexico,  
March, 19, 1913

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the State of New Mexico, under and by virtue of the act of Congress approved June 20, 1910, has made application for the following-described unappropriated, unsurveyed, and non-mineral public lands, for the benefit of the University:

All of Section 11, T. 23 S., R. 18 W.

The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objection to such location or selection with the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at Las Cruces, New Mexico, and to establish their interest therein, or the mineral character thereof.

JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First pub. April 11, 1913.

NOTICE  
Department of the Interior,  
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,  
Las Cruces, N. M. March 24, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mrs. Eliza Everett, of Rodeo, N.M., who, on Jan. 17, 1910 made Homestead Entry, No. 68606, for E1/4 SW1/4 NE1/4 Sec. 6, and NW1/4 SW1/4 Sec. 3 Township 27 S., Range 21 W. N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Asa O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner, at Rodeo, N. M., on the 10th day of May 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Henry Click, of Rodeo, N. M.  
W. O. Shougart, of Rodeo, N. M.  
J. D. Jordan, of Rodeo, N. M.  
W. S. Everett, of Rodeo, N. M.  
JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First pub. Mar. 28

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior,  
U. S. LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M.  
April 14, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary S. Jones, of Rodeo, New Mexico, who, on November 21, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 68606, for NW1/4 Lots 1 and 2, SW1/4 NW1/4, Section 7, Township 28 S., Range 21 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Asa O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner, at Rodeo, New Mexico, on the 20th day of May, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
H. L. Hoyt, of Rodeo, N. M.  
B. B. Doughty, Jr., of Rodeo, N. M.  
J. D. Arnold, of Rodeo, N. M.  
Lloyd H. Jones, of Rodeo, N. M.  
JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First insertion, April 18, 1913

NOTICE  
Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office,  
Las Cruces, New Mexico,  
April 10, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that James D. Wiley, of Rodeo, New Mexico, who, on November 28, 1912, made Homestead Entry, No. 68706, for SW1/4 NE1/4 NW1/4 SW1/4, Range 22 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Asa O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner at Rodeo, N. M., on the 2nd day of May 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
R. L. Avery, of Rodeo, N. M.  
J. D. Arnold, of Rodeo, N. M.  
R. S. Bonham, of Rodeo, N. M.  
R. A. Wiley, of Rodeo, N. M.  
JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First publication April 15, 1913

TO TRAPPERS.  
Ship your wild animal skins to A. H. Hilton Mercantile Co., San Antonio, New Mexico. Over forty years experience in the business, with European manufacturers for outfit. Highest prices guaranteed. 11-23-12